

Every Day, In Every Way, the Klan Grows Bigger and Better

Western American

"IT SHALL SHOW THE TRUTH AND THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE"

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"NOT FOR SELF, BUT FOR OTHERS"

IN BEHALF OF WOMEN AND GIRLS.

PUBLIC opinion now is the only power that can enforce justice and compel employers to pay women and girls a living wage for honest toil. The minimum wage law is a failure. Hundreds of the "weaker" sex in Portland are striving pitifully to eke out a living on the present miserable wage of five or six dollars a week, imposed upon them through the apprenticeship subterfuge, which was practiced by the labor-skinners from the beginning.

Some of these employers, who grind down the poor every day in the week, play the role of solemn-faced religionists on Sundays; partake in the communion, serve as ushers and pass the plate when the "light" begins to shine. It was this type of men that aroused the indignation of Jesus Christ, who scourged them out of the Temple. "Pharisees, hypocrites," He called them, asking, "How shall ye escape the damnation of hell?"

The Rt. Rev. Walter Taylor Sumner, D. D., Bishop of Oregon, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, ought to feel gratified by the failure of the minimum wage law, since, according to some of his former friends and witnesses of the occasion, he declared in the public State hearings of the Commission that nine dollars a week was an ample wage for any young woman, declaring she could live decently on that amount, and that less than nine dollars was sufficient.

Employers and employes and everyone concerned were permitted at those hearings to tell what they thought of the question and what would be a fair minimum wage for women and girls in industry. Dr. Sumner seemed to think nine dollars a week was excessive. This was a stunning surprise to his admirers and friends, since he had come to Oregon with a reputation as a social worker.

In contrast with Dr. Sumner, who represents a Protestant denomination, the Rev. Edwin V. O'Hara of the Roman Catholic Church, serving as the first chairman of the Minimum Wage Commission, proved himself the staunch and consistent advocate of a living wage for these downtrodden workers. He was the leading figure in the fight for higher wages for them and for decent conditions of servitude. He scourged the advocates of a niggardly pittance of five or six dollars a week and did his best to arouse public opinion in behalf of the women and girls. Due to the influence of Dr. Sumner and others, who evidently represented the department stores and canneries, the wage was left at nine dollars, despite all efforts to make it \$10, whereupon the employers evaded the law by adopting an apprenticeship and part-time system.

It is the pleasure of the Klansmen to give the Reverend O'Hara his due, in reference to this subject, which cannot be handled honestly without giving him credit. His conduct was in sharp contrast with that of Bishop Sumner.

How can a man of kindly heart, imbued with compassion for the poor and honest toilers, himself enjoying a salary of \$4000 a year, \$500 a year expense money, free transportation, a luxurious home, an easy income without manual labor, wearing fine raiment and living upon the fat of the land, "press down upon the brow of labor (women and girls at that) this crown of thorns," crucifying them upon a cross of gold? It seems incredible, but the witnesses declare it is true. We will not be party to it by silence. The Christ would have raised that limit far above ten dollars. He would have scourged the hypocrites out of the church.

The Protestant church must oust the money-changers who now control its policy or else the patriotic and humane societies must establish a new church for the promotion of the kingdom of heaven.

Public opinion, though unexpressed, does not agree with the action of Bishop Sumner in closing the Bishop Scadding Home, which extended the timely helping hand to needy persons, nor with his closing of the Seamen's Institute, maintained for years with beneficent results, giving Christian service to men of the sea who otherwise were easy victims to the snares and pitfalls of the city.

We call upon the churches and the Christians of Portland to remedy these wrongs; to harmonize their professions with everyday practice; to act as Jesus Christ would have them act in dealing with the poor and unfortunate. We call upon them, if they are Christians, to withhold patronage and encouragement from department stores especially which do not pay their help living wages and maintain decent conditions of employment.

The law has failed, but Public Opinion is mighty.

THE NAKED TRUTH ABOUT THE KLAN.

You have heard it falsely said that the Klan is "un-American." The Klan teaches and practices uncompromising devotion to the Constitution of the United States, and Klansmen are under the most sacred obligation to assist the authorities at all times, when called upon, in the enforcement of all just laws.

You have heard it falsely said that the Klansmen wear masks and that they make forays for unlawful purposes under cover of darkness. They wear the insignia of the hood in the secret klavern, only, as part of the mystic symbolism of a mysterious brotherhood. Klan law forbids the wearing of the hood in public, except by special permit and for a good and noble purpose. Secrecy in doing good, mystery as to methods, constitute the basis of the klannish system. The Klan never engages in any unlawful or questionable purpose.

You have heard it falsely said that the Klansmen are bigoted and narrow, but they are, in fact, liberal and broad, as a rule, conceding generously that the Roman Catholic church numbers hosts of good people among its adherents. We oppose only and solely the POLITICAL activities of the papal hierarchy, which seeks to dominate the world, POLITICALLY, and which places the temporal authority of the Pontiff of Rome above that of the President and the Constitution.

The Klansmen applaud and admire the good which they see in the character and works of Catholic people, and lament the fact that the Catholics as a whole still are blind, through hereditary faith, to the autocratic and alien purposes of the Roman Vatican.

The Klansmen see, concede and admire the splendid and noble services which countless Jews have given to this Nation, and lament the suicidal policy of the organized Jews who, through prejudice, ignorance and cupidity, are warring against the Klan and giving aid to the alien enemies of America. In this they are injuring only themselves.

The Klansmen are the best friends of the negro, ready to defend his rights, but these rights do not include the social and racial equality to which the negro foolishly has been led to aspire. The Klansmen want the negro to have an education, to be rich in the fundamentals of American character, so that he may have all that is due him and be a worthy member of the brotherhood of man. Nowhere can be found a more genuine warmth of friendship for the well-meaning, law-abiding and deserving negro than among the Klansmen of America, especially those of the old South, where the negro is best understood. The Klansmen maintain, of course, that this is a white man's country, and that our native-born, freedom-loving heirs to liberty never will abdicate their absolute rule to any inferior race, nor to the organized immigrants who acknowledge any kind of allegiance to any foreign power.

The Klan is intensely patriotic and thoroughly American in everything.

Surely the Klan is not deserving of censure because it excludes from its membership the Roman Catholic, the Jew and the negro, for these people have their own secret fraternities. They would be out of place in the Klan.

The Klan is a grand brotherhood of men and women who think more or less the same of certain fundamental problems, who are in sympathy with each other in principles and purposes, and they have the unquestionable right to select their members as they see fit, granting the same right to all others.

Jesus Christ is the Klansmen's criterion of character, and by this lofty standard they sit in judgment upon themselves. How can they go far wrong? Making all allowance for human frailty, they are certain to endure and prosper, in exact proportion to their fidelity to this sublime ideal. To the extent that the Klansmen are in harmony with divine will, just to that extent they will succeed in their cause. With the Christ as guide and Master, they cannot fail. All intelligent opponents of the Klan will recognize the truth of this statement and, if they be honest, will measure their criticism with care. The Klan already wields considerable power—to the extent that its efforts and methods are in harmony with God.

The Klan recognizes and hails the living Christ! He is everywhere in the world today. The omnipotent power of His love is free to all men, regardless of race or creed.

The Klansmen are rich in spirit, to the extent that the Christ is with them, and are engaged in a splendid effort to promote a national movement that will bring wisdom and brotherly love into all human activities. Their purpose is to remove whatever obstructs the way to the kingdom of heaven. They are eager to uplift the fallen and to strengthen the weak. They recognize the truth that all men have one mind, one God and father, one life, truth and love, and that the Klan is a medium through which they can promote right living, right thinking, right conduct and the Golden Rule in everything. To the extent that the Klansmen live up to this glorious ideal, they are invincible.

The same truth that compels us to strive toward this ideal surely is rebuking all unfair and ill-advised opponents of the Klan, for God Almighty is behind this cause and whoever opposes Him will perish in the effort. "He shall be suddenly destroyed and that without remedy."

Christians and men in the other fraternities who have prejudged and denounced the Klan, on hearsay, have done so only through error. The time is coming when they will desire to recant and make amends. The Klan is imperfect, of course, composed of every human but sincere Americans. The motives behind it are based upon patriotism and devotion to the Cross. It is not yet the "stately mansion" which it is going to be, but it is a righteous cause in which its soldiers of peace can put on, if they will, the whole armor of God, striving only to overcome the woes and sins of ignorance and selfishness, preaching and practicing the slogan that the crowning glory of a Klansman is to serve. This surely is in accord with divine will. If it does not finally demonstrate all the positive forces, if it fail to galvanize the churches into evangelical activity, if it fail to inspire all Christians with zeal for the common good; then will develop the necessity of establishing a great new church, with millions of members to begin with, a church based upon the fundamentals upon which all men agree, as expressed in the Sermon on the Mount.

The Klan, unfortunately, is opposed through error by the malign forces of alien-intrigue, which seek political domination

in America. These forces are wrecking themselves by using the negative methods of bigotry and hate. They might as well try to sweep back the sea as to halt or destroy the Klan. The truth is mighty and will prevail.

The real leaders of the Klan, who are men of good-will and of experience and sound judgment, are directing all efforts into channels of constructive good, making every klavern a mission of the Cross, an incubating center of Christian service, striving the best they can to utilize the wisdom of a great Teacher, who said: "The measure of life shall increase by every spiritual touch." This means that the Klan is establishing a firm and enduring foundation. It is going to be and is even now to a great extent a recruiting system for the Christian churches, and for the army of the common good.

In defense of home and nation, in the enforcement of just laws through co-operation, in far-sighted world work for civilization, the Klan already is a power of great importance, but it is insignificant when compared to what it is going to be within ten years—America's greatest fraternity and social force, with a membership of ten million native-born, liberty-loving Americans.

THE LOW-DOWN ON HENRY FORD.

In a news dispatch from Springfield, Mass., Henry Ford, the flivver magnate, is quoted as saying:

"I have never had any collusion with the Klan. I have never belonged to ANY secret organization and never intend to. I think the Ku Klux Klan is VERY un-American. If I joined any organization it would be one that would not require me to wear a mask."

According to reliable information, Mr. Ford is a Mason. Is it possible that he is a common liar? Let us hope there's a mistake somewhere. Perhaps he was quoted incorrectly. He also said he had "no desire to be President of the United States" and did not intend to run for that high office. However, his Bolshevik Jewish director, what's his name? issued a statement the other day that Mr. Ford was not averse to the use of his name as an aspirant for the presidential nomination. Is it merely advertising of his moneybags, or common ordinary lying? The people make lots of allowance for ignorance in a President, even for illiteracy, such as that of Mr. Ford, but they won't stand for a common liar in the White House.

You can teach an ignorant man of ordinary horse-sense the fundamentals of history, which Mr. Ford lacks, and the three R's, but nothing but the grace of God can reclaim a liar. COULD Mr. Ford be taught history, without a comprehensive knowledge of which no man can handle any political job with success? He has declared that "History is all bunk." Gold is all-powerful, in his opinion, evidently, and the flivver is the only symbol on his brand-new coat-of-arms.

The cartoon idea of Mr. Ford is a lean, lank, attenuated, cadaverous, lantern-jawed, hungry-looking, worm-eaten, peevish nincompoop of the type of Andy Gump, decorated from top to toe with dollars marks, alternated on his skinny hams with the tattoo of a flivver—that's Ford—sire of Edsal the Slacker, who was too necessary around the home fires to go to war. The talk of nominating such an individual is an insult to the intelligence of the American people, regardless of party affiliations.

If the Democratic party wants to doom itself forever to merited oblivion, it can do either one of two things—nominate a Ford, or Al Smith of New York—the one a poor illiterate, who, like Blind Tom, the noted negro musician, has a strange, subconscious genius for one particular thing, and nothing else, by which he has amassed a scandalous pile of gold, and the other a would-be nullifier of the American Constitution. In either case the once Solid South would quit the party in a body, and that's the generator of the rotten old wreck.

Who cares what Henry Ford says about the Klan? He doesn't know anything at all about it. He has the mentality of a nine-year-old kid in everything except the subject of the pestiferous flivver, and less than one-half of one per cent on the Klan.

If the antiford Jews turn handspins for joy over this comment, they are welcome to the fit, for that's the way we feel about it. Henry is going to find out soon that the ruling people of America do not worship the golden bull, contrary to his silly notion.

Peccavi!

Enough For Me—A Klansman's Creed

I will not ask my neighbor of his creed;

Nor what he deems of doctrine, old or new;

Nor what rites his honest soul may need

To worship God—the only wise and true;

Nor what he thinks of the anointed Christ;

Nor with what baptism he has been baptized.

I ask not what temptations have beset

His humane heart, now self-debated and sore;

Nor by what wayside well the Lord, he met;

Nor when He uttered, "Go and sin no more."

Between his soul and God that business lies;

Not mine to cavil, question or despise.

I ask not by which name among the rest

That Christians go by he is named and known;

Whether his faith has ever been "professed,"

Or whether proven by his deeds alone;

So there be Christhood in him, all is well;

He is my brother, and in peace we dwell.

If grace and patience in his actions speak,

Or fall in words of kindness from his tongue,

Which raise the fallen, fortify the weak,

And heal the heart by sorrow rent and wrung—

If he give good for ill, and love for hate—

Friend of the friendless, poor and desolate—

I find in him discipleship so true,

So full, that nothing further I demand.

He may be bondsman, freeman, Gentle, Jew,

But we are brothers—walk we hand in hand.

In his white life let me the Christhood see—

It is enough for him—enough for me.

*A brother writes that many years ago, while sojourning in the "Bad Lands" of South Dakota, he found in an old discarded magazine the above gem. Can anyone tell us the name of the author?—Ed.

—From The New Age, May Number.

Astoria Ramblings

By Elen Kay.

WHICH?

Down in Astoria there is a certain handsome, popular police officer by the name of Howard Short, who had an interview the other evening that is too good to keep. He was standing on a street corner when he was approached by an elderly lady in quest of a room, who inquired: "Say, mister, are you a policeman, or a salvation army man?"

HE'S ALL RIGHT.

Larry Gelalich, a well known taxi driver of Astoria, who was arrested on a liquor charge by Lewis M. Kletzing, former Deputy Sheriff, showed his streak of good nature by subscribing to The Western American and paying one year's subscription in advance. The point is, he gave his subscription to the man who arrested him, while still confined in the county jail, serving a ten-day sentence that was imposed as a result of the arrest.

THAT AUTO.

All eyes are turned toward Seaside for Friday night, July the sixth, the night of the big K. K. K. ball. Someone will ride home in a Gpe new Rep sport model auto. Will that somebody be you?

NO BOOTLEGGER.

Energetic officer in Seaside recently was seen to approach a stranger who was carrying a heavy suitcase and ask him for a look at the contents. "Help yourself," the stranger said, and he willingly opened the suitcase, which was found to contain only canned fruit and vegetables.

"You are very obliging," the officer remarked. "Also willing, for investigation."

"I have nothing to fear," the stranger replied. "I am a minister of the Gospel."

Here's to the subscribers of The Western American, living in the Lower Columbia district:

Hereafter you will get your Western American every Friday.

If, for any reason, you are not getting the paper you have paid for, let us hear from you. Service from now on by The Western American will be spelled SERVE-U. That's our aim, that's our game, and we know how to play it, too.

Gee, but we certainly have a hot and racy story concerning the night-prowling of a certain undeserving old duffer. This hint is for HIM. Just wait. (Better pay up his subscription.)

A HINT TO THE WISE—

The editor of The Western American has accumulated the secret biographies, giving innermost facts, of many prominent citizens—enough to fill a bulky volume. Some of the facts concerning some of these birds would shock a wild Fiji cannibal. We aren't going to use 'em, unless it is necessary, but we know 'em—we'll tell the world we do—who they are, what they are, where they came from, what they do, how they do it, what they've done, how they got that way, and all about them. We review these records quite frequently. Some of the PC's, doing smartaleck talk, would do well to wear a jaw-lock on the subject of the Klan. We are in training all the time—parched, and likely to hit back.

GEM FOR EVERYONE.

An old man traveling a lone highway,
Came at the evening cold and gray
To a chasm deep and wide.
The old man crossed in a twilight dim,
For the sullen stream held no fear for him,
For he turned when he reached the other side.
"Old man," cried a fellow pilgrim near,
"You are wasting your strength with building here."
Your journey will end with the ending day
And you never again will pass this way.
You have crossed the chasm deep and wide,
Why build a bridge at eventide?"
And the builder raised his old grey head,
"Good friend, on the path I have come," he said,
"There followeth after me today
A youth whose feet will pass this way.
This stream which has been naught to me,
To that fair-haired boy may a pitfall be,
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim,
Good friend, I am building the bridge for him."
—From THE MASONIC ANALYST.
Portland, Ore.